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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY G. E. DESBARATS & SON, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

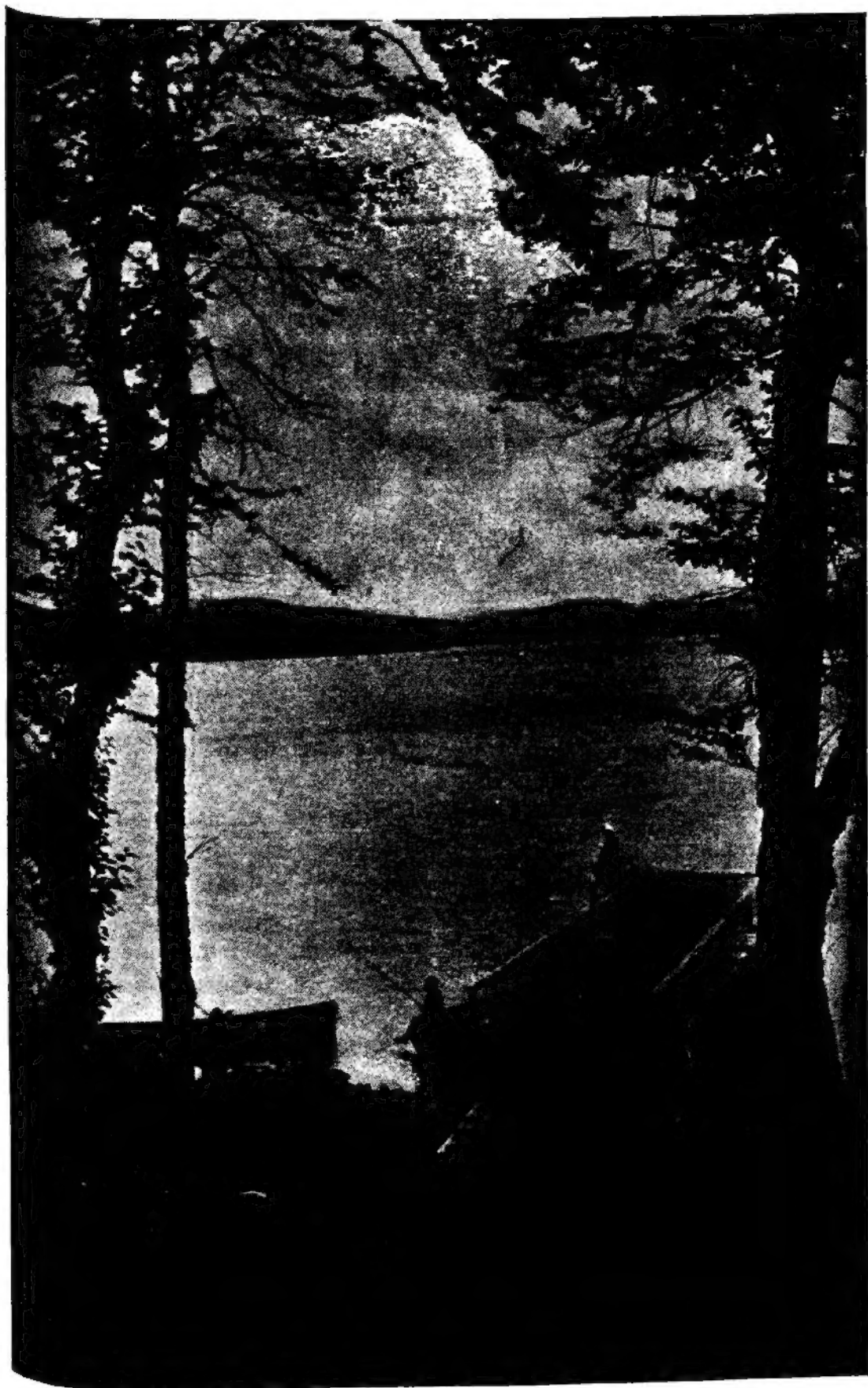
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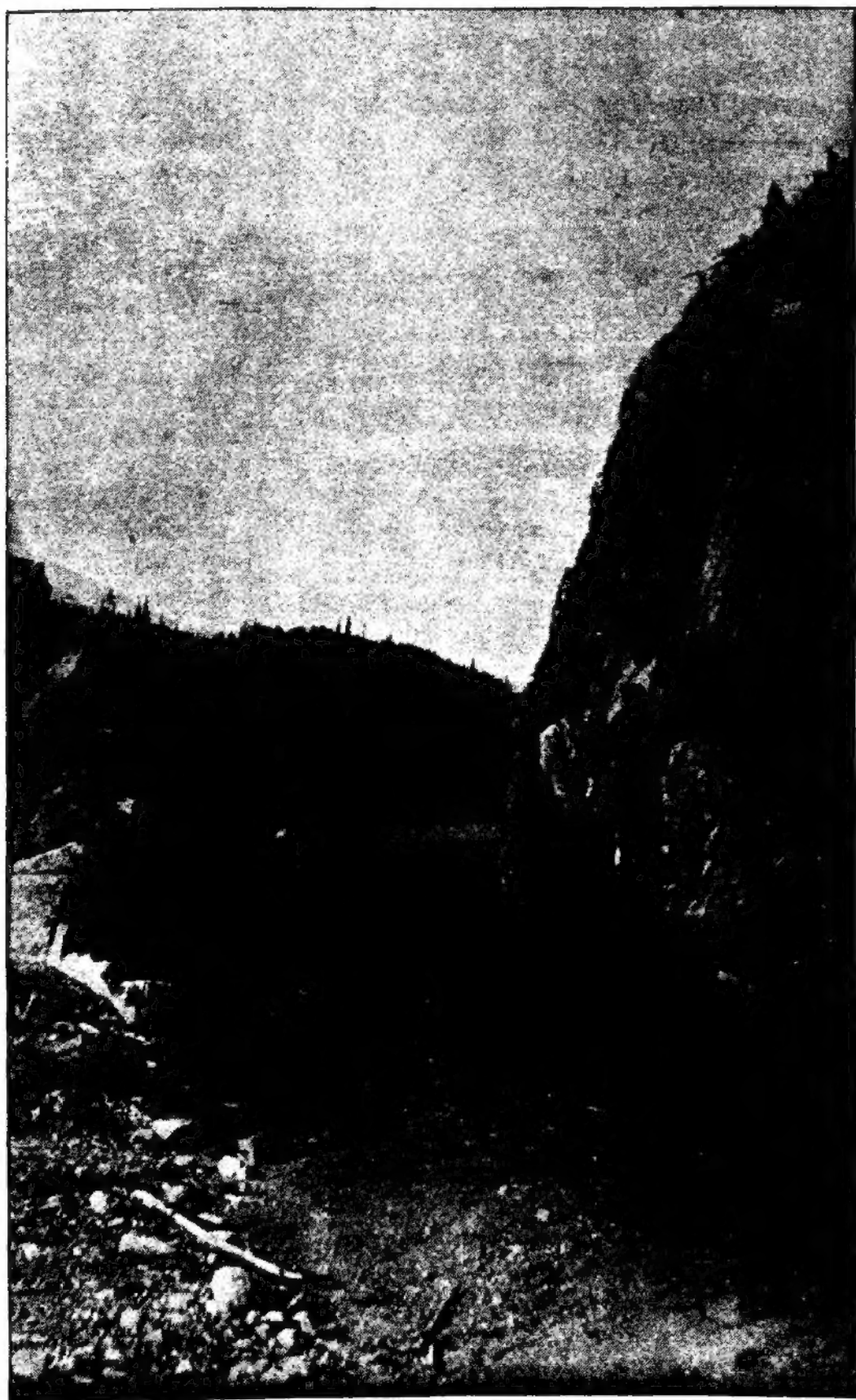
MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 8th JUNE, 1889.

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## LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT.



LAKE ST. JOSEPH.



ROCK CUTTING AT LAKE EDWARD.



# The Dominion Illustrated.

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8th JUNE, 1889.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

In our next number, (being No. 50, of 15th June) we will give the following illustrations of the Queen's Birthday Celebration:—

### SCENES AT THE REVIEW:

- The Reviewing Staff on Fletcher's Field.
- The Montreal Field Battery.
- The Royal Scots marching past.
- The Governor-General's Footguards on Park Ave.
- The Montreal Troop of Cavalry.
- General View on the Field.

### SCENES ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND:

- The Queen's Own Camp.
- The Queen's Own Reception.
- The Lunch.
- The Queen's Own assembled for Church Parade on Sunday.
- The Queen's Own Bugle and Drum Corps.

The 8th Royal Rifles on the Plains of Abraham, Quebec.

Presentation of Colours to the 54th Battalion, at Richmond, P. Q.

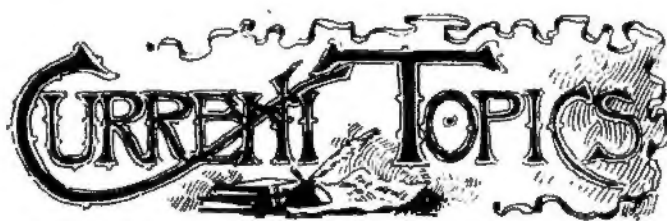
Portrait of Lord Aylmer, commanding the 54th.

Portrait of the late Sergeant Walick.

The latter we did not obtain in time for publication in connection with the illustrations of the Quebec disaster. The demand for the number containing Major Short's portraits and the eloquent though silent pictures of the ruins has been unprecedented, and our large edition was soon exhausted. Every one will want to have a portrait of this other hero, Sergeant Walick, and this feature added to the attractions of the Queen's Birthday illustrations above enumerated will doubtless create a very large demand for No. 50. Dealers will do well to order supplies in advance, so as not to be disappointed. We have been obliged to refuse orders for several hundred copies of No. 48.

## CANADIAN ART IN EUROPE.

The success of a young Canadian artist in France is worthy of record. Miss M. A. Bell, daughter of Mr. Andrew Bell, of Almonte, Ont., has achieved the honour of having a large picture hung in the the Paris Salon. The subject is a domestic scene in the interior of Brittany, on a canvas of five feet by four. It has been highly praised by eminent French critics, who pronounce that "Miss Bell will arrive at the rank of a master." The winter works of the best French artists are exhibited at the Paris Salon. Many meritorious works are annually rejected, and the young painter who gains a place achieves a high distinction. Canadians have reason to be gratified at the success of this young lady, who is Canadian by several generations of descent, having a liberal share of good old United Empire Loyalist blood in her veins.



Those who delight in contrasts will find an ample fund of pleasure, not unmixed with profit, in comparing the St. John of to-day with the desolated city of that name of twelve years ago. "How does the city sit solitary!" Many and many a sermon was preached in the season of sorrow from that and kindred texts. The chief solace was the helpful sympathy of the other cities and towns of the Dominion, every one of which did its share in relieving the distress, in encouraging and sustaining the sufferers. The people of St. John showed themselves worthy of the assistance that came to them in their hour of need. In twelve years they have built up a new city fairer and richer than its predecessor. And now they are promoting it, by a wise and timely policy, from the seventh to the fourth rank in the list of Canadian centres of commerce and industry. Its area is now 7810 acres; its population, about 48,000; its wards are thirteen, instead of nine; the new ones—those of Portland—taking the names of Lorne, Lansdowne, Dufferin, Victoria and Stanley, instead of the obsolete numbering; and administrative changes have been made which are, it is hoped, on the side of economy and good government. One police force and one fire department will secure the new city from disturbance and from conflagration. When the new Council has been elected and sworn in, a Board of Public Safety will have supervision over both these departments. The harbour, streets, public buildings and water works will be in charge of another department, while that of finance, with the chamberlain as permanent officer, will look after all civic expenditures. At the same time several minor offices have been abolished. The new dispensation is generally considered satisfactory, and we sincerely hope that, in the stage of its existence on which St. John and Portland have entered, they will have a full measure of progress and prosperity.

Some of the criticisms of the Queen's Birthday review on Fletcher's Field have been deprecated as more severe than the occasion warranted. It is never pleasant to be found fault with, and military critics are, perhaps, too much inclined to pose as martinets when they are treating of volunteer field days. It should be borne in mind that the opportunities allotted to our citizen soldiers of perfecting themselves in soldierly requirements are at best but scanty compared with the ordeal through which they have to pass. Mere censoriousness ought, therefore, to be avoided, and, where a word of encouragement can be conscientiously given, it is a patriotic duty not to withhold it. On the whole, we do not think that the praise accorded to those who participated in the evolutions of the 24th ult. was meagre. In some instances it was lavish. The quota of our little regular army that was present was highly commended, and due credit was given to the officers in command. The visiting battalions were, in the main, generously dealt with. Where details were discussed, fault was sometimes found with that carelessness which comes of overconfidence, and if one or two critics allowed a harsh word to creep now and then into their comments we would be sorry to suspect them of any deliberate intention of wounding susceptibilities. Perhaps volunteers are too prone to take offence at any criticism that is not laudatory. The indication of

defects that detract from the merits of a battalion or company—whether they be due to inadvertence, to laxness of discipline, or to negligent habits—ought, if called for and kindly meant, to be accepted as wholesome counsel. Taken in that spirit, criticism would be fruitful of good. If unfair, or ill-judged, it is pretty sure to redound to the confusion of the author.

Every now and then, when some railway smash is accompanied by a holocaust of human victims, there is an outcry against the car stove as the source of danger. But accidents are, of course, exceptional features of railway travel, and the number of persons who meet their death on the train is but a small proportion of those who fall victims to all kinds of casualties. Sir E. W. Watkin, indeed, insists that eating is a more perilous proceeding than railway travelling, as the number of persons choked while trying to swallow their food is larger than that of the fatalities by railway mishaps. The world's business is too urgent, at any rate, to allow of any pause in the constant whirl, and the cars are as crowded after as before a great disaster. It is for that very reason that railway travel should be made as safe as it is possible to make it. Nor should either the administrators of our great lines or the interested public wait till some fresh soul-harrowing scene of agony and death—agony to which death is the only relief, though the victims may be in the prime of life and strength—to agitate anew for some safeguard to be devised and applied. At least, the subject ought not to be dropped till it has been proved that greater security than that which exists under the car stove dispensation is not attainable. For many reasons the present is a good time to direct attention to the subject. Let it be known that the inventor of a substitute for the car stove in winter or of a method for protection against fire after accidents at all seasons will be suitably rewarded, and ere long we shall be sure to hear of some suggested improvement on the arrangements now in vogue. One thing, it is clear, may even now be provided for—a supply, constantly within reach of any point on a line, of such appliances as may help to disengage the entrapped victims of a smash-up from the debris that holds them in its deadly vice. This, at least, can be done by the management of every railroad.

It is pleasant to learn from so many different quarters that Canada is every summer becoming more and more a favourite resort for health and pleasure, for sport and intelligent curiosity. This increased interest in the natural beauty and grandeur and historic scenes of the Dominion is to be ascribed to a variety of causes. The opening up of new lines of railway is, of course, one great incentive. The Canadian Pacific revealed a new world and offered itself as guide to its unknown regions. With the older and newer lines we have now a network of communication branching off into almost every corner of Canada that is worth visiting for its scenery, its facilities for sport, its associations with a romantic past, or for the advantages that it offers to the colonist or the capitalist. It has been one of the chief aims of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, as its name implies, to show the public the natural features of the vast new Northland which recent explorations and enterprise have thus disclosed to us. We rejoice to think that our efforts in this direction have not been wholly unappreciated by our readers. Of many and manifold expressions of sympathy with our aims we make grateful ac-



knowledge. At the same time we would remind our readers, who are amateur photographers, that they may help us in many ways to give completeness to our plan. Photographs, with brief descriptions, of localities of historic, scenic or economic interest, from any of the hundreds of summer resorts where any of our readers are keeping holiday will be received with thanks and will give pleasure and instruction to thousands.

A few years ago, it may be remembered, the federal authorities, with the sanction of Parliament, ordered an expedition to be organized for the purpose of gaining information regarding the vast stretch of hitherto little known territory denominated the Upper Yukon district. Command of it was entrusted to Dr. G. M. Dawson, who has prepared a careful report—now issued in a separate volume—on the results of his observations. It is satisfactory to know that the forecasts as to its value have not been disappointed. From the knowledge acquired during his careful and laborious investigations of the region, Dr. Dawson is enabled to say that it is rich in furs, well supplied with timber and traversed to a large extent by navigable rivers, that its mineral areas promise to be not slightly productive, yielding gold in considerable quantities, with other metals and comprising deposits of coal. Though at present out of the reach of colonizing enterprise, its mineral wealth is certain some day—ere long, perhaps—to attract a hardy and thrifty population. It is, in fact, as Dr. Dawson suggests, a portion, like the Mackenzie basin, to which the term was first applied, of "Canada's Great Reserve."

Now that so many educated men are applying the advantages of their college training to agricultural and pastoral pursuits, it is not without significance to recall that the time-honoured traditional "bachelor" was originally a "cowboy." "Baccalarius" is only another form of "vaccalarius," from "vacca" (vache), a "cow," "vaccalia" or "baccalia," a "herd of cows." When he goes into ranching, therefore, the young university man is still a "baccalarius"—a dealer in herds, if happily endowed with means, or a simple herdsman or cowboy if he has or chooses to pass through the ruder apprenticeship. Many an Australian lord of countless herds began his career with the stockman's whip in his hand, and doubtless some of the worthy "bachelors" whom we pictured not long since will work their way to wealth. There is certainly nothing in their appearance that savours of the swagger which it has become usual to associate with the cowboy's life further south. Alberta is our great ranching district or province, and a grand future awaits it. We hope ere long to present our readers with some further illustrations of its scenery, capabilities and enterprising pioneer life.

#### MINERAL WEALTH OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A most important work has just been issued by the Geological Survey in convenient form and at a nominal price. The subject of it is the Mineral Wealth of British Columbia, and the mass of classified information which it contains has been drawn by the author, Dr. G. M. Dawson, F.G.S., Associate of the Royal School of Mines, from the Reports of the Survey since the year 1871. To what relates to British Columbia in these Reports Dr. Dawson was himself the largest contributor, so that, in compiling the present useful work, he was,

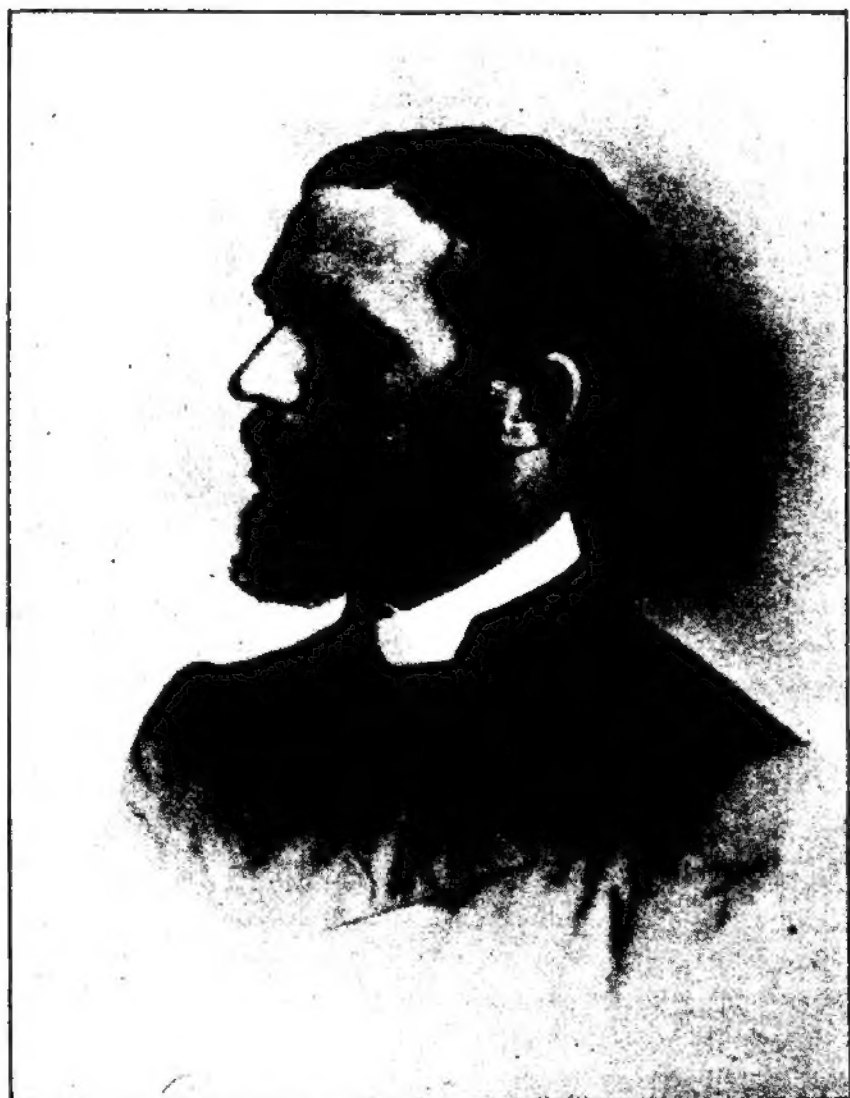
in the main, going over familiar ground, and, to a great extent, condensing what he had already written at considerable length. He has, however, revised his statistics in the light of later exploration and brought the record down to the present. The aim of the work is to supply answers to enquiries that are constantly made, to place within reach of the prospector or miner a synopsis of valuable facts, with a list of localities to which they refer. Dr. Dawson concludes his description of the physical and geological features of British Columbia by predicting an eventual great development of metalliferous mining in that province. It comprises a length of 800 miles of the most important metalliferous belt of the continent. If the northern extension of the same belt beyond the 60th parallel be added, its entire length within the boundaries of Canada is from 1,200 to 1,300 miles.

Gold was first discovered in the province in 1851, at Gold Harbour, on the west coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands. The deposit was worked to a value of at least \$20,000, and some make the figure much higher. Workable placers were found at Nicoamen on the Thompson in 1857. An extraordinary migration ensued, and Victoria was metamorphosed from a petty village to a tented city of 20,000 to 30,000 miners. The difficulties of travel were great, however, and a few only were energetic and hardy enough to stand the strain of it. In five months \$543,000's worth was shipped from Victoria. Needless here to follow in detail the subsequent progress of gold mining in British Columbia. Suffice it to say that the total known and estimated yield in the thirty years ending with 1888 was, according to Dr. Dawson, \$54,108,804. The average number of miners employed yearly was 2,775, and the average yearly earnings per man, \$622. Of the silver ores of the province, Dr. Dawson says that, to judge by the developments of the past two years, they seem likely to achieve importance even before those that are distinctly auriferous. Characteristically silver-bearing ores have been discovered in numerous widely scattered localities—the greater number of them being in the belt that contains the gold placer deposits—especially in the southern section of it, which, for the most part, is not far from the Canadian Pacific Railway. It may be assumed that these deposits were first brought to light owing to their accessibility, and there is reason to expect that the more distant parts of the belt may be equally rich. At any rate, the discoveries so far have been very encouraging. Coal had been come upon fully twenty years before the discovery of gold, Dr. W. Fraser Tolmie making known its existence on the coast as early as 1835. The total production from 1836 to the close of last year is set down at 4,358,211 tons of 2,000 lbs. The Tertiary rocks of British Columbia, though usually yielding only brown coal or lignite, occasionally contain true coal. Little attention has as yet been given to the British Columbia iron ores, but Dr. Dawson thinks that the time may be approaching when those that lie near navigable water, and thus have means of communication with the coal fields, may be extensively utilized in the manufacture of iron. So far, the ores found in any quantity are magnetites. The clay ironstones of the Vancouver and Queen Charlotte Islands coal series may, in some cases, be profitably worked in conjunction with the coal seams. The only iron ore deposits worked hitherto are those of Texada Island, the largest exposures occurring three miles northwest of Gillies Bay,

where the ore-mass is from twenty to twenty-five feet thick. The ore here is favourably situated for mining and shipment, and if smelting operations were undertaken, there is on the island plenty of wood for charcoal. Copper ores occur in many places over the entire area of the province, and, although no copper mining has yet been initiated, the output from copper is likely, ere long, to be considerable in connection with the mining of the precious metals. It is, moreover, only a question of time till copper ores shall be worked as such. The province is also sure to be known in due time as a lead-producer, a large proportion of the silver ores being argentiferous galenas. Zinc, too, is found as an accessory mineral in the precious metal veins. Sulphide of antimony is known to occur in the south of the province, and platinum has been found in association with placer gold. The platinumiferous region of the upper Similkameen and Tulameen is the most important as yet discovered in North America. Cinnabar, native arsenic and molybdenite are also mentioned as elements in Columbia's mineral wealth. Structural materials in large variety, precious stones, such as agates, obsidian, opal, the once highly prized nephrite or jade, used by the Indians for their celts or adzes, mineral resin (and even amber), garnets (though not flawless), jasper and other species, and ornamental stones, such as porphyries, diorites, etc., as well as ochres, tripolites, asbestos, petroleum and mineral and thermal springs, complete the list of products that constitute the vast and varied mineral wealth of our Pacific province. It is impossible to read this interesting and instructive volume without a sense of gratitude for the bounties with which nature has endowed that land of promise and for the energy, patience and scientific knowledge that have been brought to the task of disclosing them. From the day when the chief of the survey received instructions from the late Hon. Joseph Howe to betake himself to the western limits of the Dominion (at that time no pleasure tour) to the present, no pains have been spared in unfolding to the world the grand natural features and manifold riches, in rock and soil, of that mighty region, one day to be the home of millions of people. Of that important work, so well begun by Dr. Selwyn, the chief burden fell to Dr. Dawson, who has now placed the sum of its results within reach of the interested public.

#### UNAPPRECIATED RESOURCES.

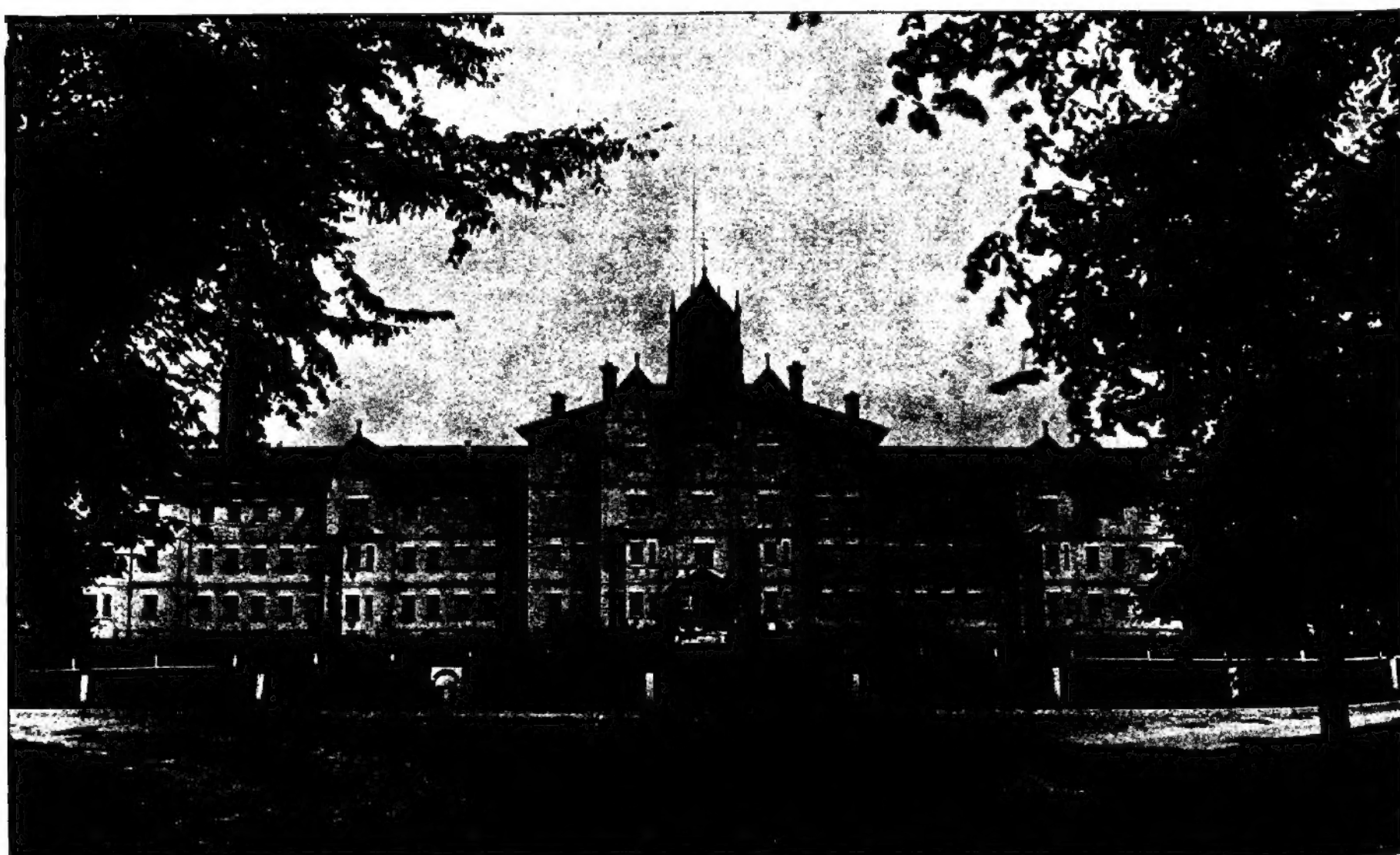
If there are any persons in Canada who look upon our vast extent of territory as an *embarras de richesse* rather than a grand reserve on which, sooner or later, we or our posterity will be glad to draw, the Oklahoma boom to which attention has recently been directed may tend to correct such an impression. Fifty years ago lands in Upper Canada were given away for the asking. So satisfied were our statesmen and people until a comparatively recent date that our territory in the older provinces was practically inexhaustible that the resistance of the Hudson's Bay Company to the opening up of the Northwest was viewed with equanimity. Now, even that mighty domain and the "sea of mountains" beyond it—a sea whose hollows are rich enough to provide homes for millions of Europe's surplus population—are not enough for us. The great Mackenzie Basin must be looked to as a stand-by in the coming years when land grows scarcer. In fact, in Canada, what has happened to our neighbours is being repeated. Men



REV. D. J. MACDONNELL, OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, TORONTO.



PROFESSOR McLAREN, OF KNOX COLLEGE, TORONTO.



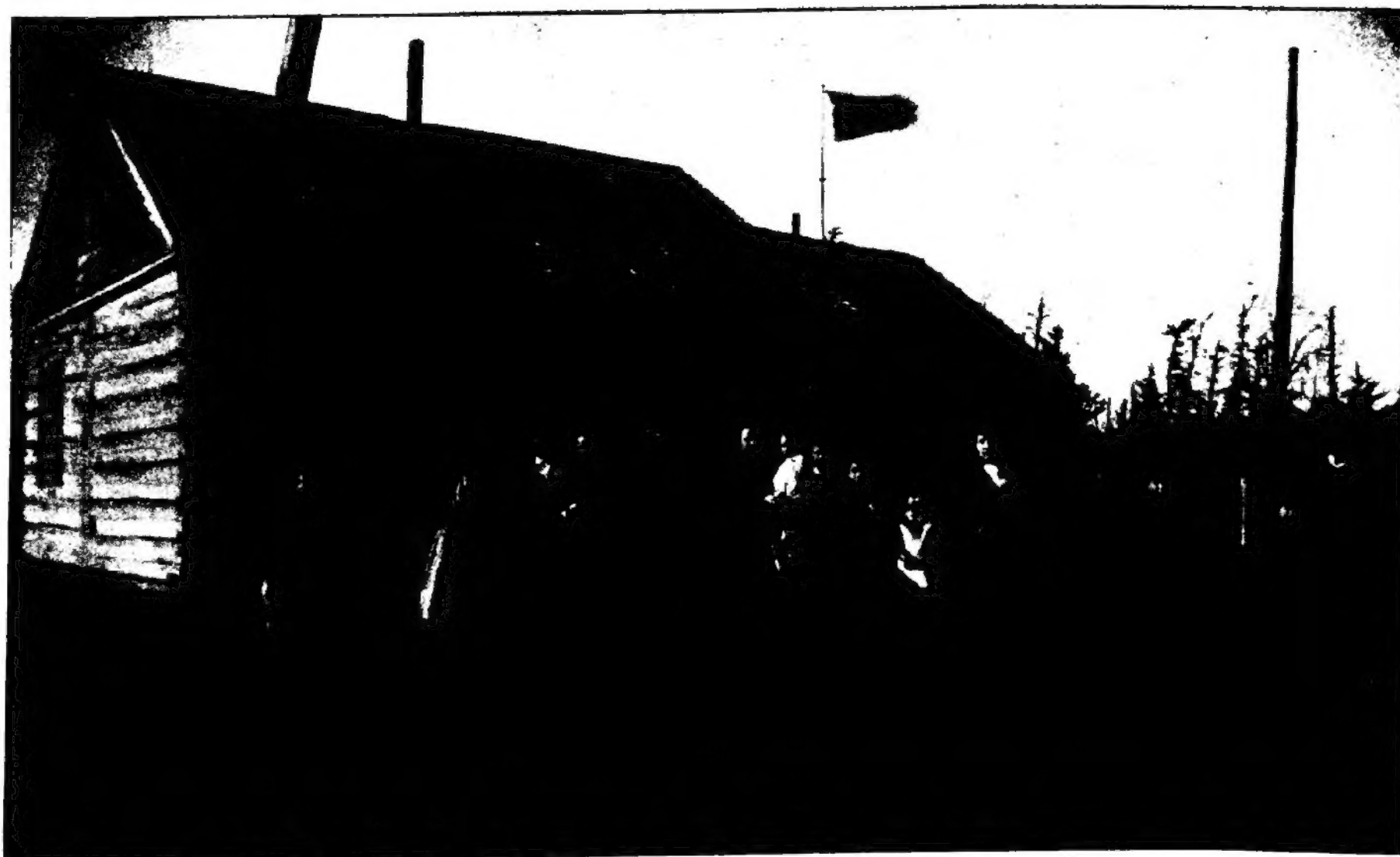
THE LONDON, ONT. LUNATIC ASYLUM.





HON. MR. DEWDNEY'S DOG "BERNARD."

From a photo. by Topley.



HUDSON'S BAY POST, AT WHITEFISH LAKE, NORTH OF LAKE HURON.





well chosen his standpoint, his season and his moment for seizing and perpetuating the impression. He has filled his foreground with joyous human figures, in the heyday of their summer holiday-making. In the near distance is the wharf of Rivière Ouelle, a parish which Abbé Casgrain has immortalized. Beyond is the mighty river, some eighteen or twenty miles across at this point. The northern shore is seen rising up to the horizon, while great ships, outward bound, move majestically past. The parish of Rivière Ouelle is about 95 miles below Quebec.

**THE CITADEL, QUEBEC, FROM THE STEAMBOAT LAND-ING.**—This is a view of a scene which, though familiar to many Canadians, is always striking from the grandeur of its natural features and interesting from its historic associations. "The great rock rising above the Lower Town, and crowned with its batteries all bristling with guns," seemed to Charles Lever, or, at least, to his versatile hero, Con Cregan, "the very realization of impregnability." To the late Henry Ward Beecher Quebec seemed "a populated cliff . . . a mighty rock, scarped and graded, and made to hold houses and castles, which, by a proper natural law, ought to slide off from its back." To us it is the city of Cartier's sojourn, of Champlain's love, of Frontenac's pride, of Wolfe's triumph. But all its heroes are not of the distant past. The old Citadel has a fresh claim on our regard as the home of the valiant soldiers who lately fell so nobly in the discharge of their duty.

**COTE BEAUPRÉ, TOWARDS LAKE BEAUPORT, FROM THE ESPLANADE, QUEBEC.**—This is one of the most charming of those views in which Quebec and its neighborhood abound. The landscape also comprises the oldest settled district in this province and the most interesting from its historic associations. There were laid the foundations of the old feudal regime, which lasted for more than two centuries; there was planned the strategy that gave Canada to Britain, and there were enacted some of the most sensational dramas of the generations that followed the Conquest.

**THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—INAUGURATION UNDER THE CENTRAL DOME.**—The principal feature in the imposing ceremonies that have marked the opening of the Exhibition of 1889 was the appearance of President Carnot, on the 16th of May, under the great Central Dome to pronounce his inaugural address. On the rich velvet platform, in chairs of state, were seated M. Carnot, attended by his staff, M. Tirard, and other members of the Cabinet, with the secretaries, M. Alphand and other chief officials of the Exposition, members of the Diplomatic Corps, general officers of the army and other personages of distinction. In front, on seats reserved for them, were senators, deputies, members of delegations from the various academies and societies, and a number of invited guests of the worlds of literature, art and politics. The circular gallery was bright with the array of ladies, conspicuous among whom was Madame Carnot, in a dress wonderfully becoming and of faultless taste. On the President's arrival the choir chanted the *Marseillaise*, the orchestra taking part. M. Tirard then thanked the President in suitable terms for honoring the Exposition by his presence; acknowledged the favour done by the presidents of the Senate and the Chamber of deputies, and called upon M. Carnot to formally open the Exposition. The President, with admirable judgment, avoided any reference to politics, confining himself in his survey to the advance of the exhibition movement and its share in the promotion of invention, skill and general industrial progress. He traced its course back to the installation in 1798 of François de Neufchâteau's temple of industry. In closing his address, which was rapturously applauded, President Carnot pronounced the Exposition opened. He and his suite then visited the various departments.

### THE RAILROAD NAVVY.

Among all modern enterprises, there is none which draws so largely from the professions and the older pursuits of men as the railroad; and notably is this the case in that department which is occupied in the construction and maintenance of the "road," and to which flock men, once of every grade and bent, but now—some by misfortune, more by vice—brought to a common level, and attracted and held by that curious fascination which the railroad seems ever to possess.

There may be found the broken-down lawyer, to whom, in his premature decrepitude, an hour's work with spade and pick would promise an utter prostration, and whose very touch you might find it difficult to anticipate with anything but dread; former merchants, mechanics, schoolmasters—poor creatures now and fully conscious of their wretchedness, but once possessors of happy homes, whence each, perhaps, was wont to issue in the morning with cheerful word from wife or mother, and assurance of like greeting when his daily work was done.

An English-speaking gang usually contains one or two of this class of navvy. His proceedings induce the idea that he is glad to show that he can do the work, but sorry that he *has* to do it, while his eagle glances in all directions, when the foreman is away, seem to tell of a knowledge of more congenial occupation being somewhere, but at far

too great a distance. For this reason the cooking, time-keeping and other lighter work is generally allotted him, and he sometimes manages, with very little personal inconvenience, to give economy employment in his work—not in his time—and to contrive so that the work of six hours shall occupy him twelve.

His manner to a superior is deferential with an admixture of a consciousness of what is due himself as to a man who has not always been a navvy; but when some mighty clerk or other, secure in his petty eminence and in his assumption of a graceless and frigid dignity, speaks to him as to a lower animal, his feelings become a burden to him, and he forthwith seeks relief in their expression.

In this navvy of better mien you see, at times, the cause of a family's care—a care still anxious and absorbing, though unrewarded even with the knowledge of its object's whereabouts—the care of a mother who pictured to herself, in days long gone, the upright, happy manhood of her boy, when, freed by time from further loving labours in his rearing, her meed should be that same solicitude and love from him. It never came. His letters, but one, are arranged in little tiers and neatly tied together in the box which contains the playthings of his childhood. His last is by itself—the commencement of another tier, which vainly awaits an increase.

No word now reaches her. A light burns very late in the old room at night sometimes, the lid of the little box is raised and the old glasses need to be taken off very often and wiped, until at last they are thrown aside, and the mother's grief is unrestrained. Oceans separate them, perhaps for ever. Perhaps she has died, hoping and praying for another glimpse of him.

Another delights in speaking of his "better days"—of the men whose wish it then was to follow at his elbow, and with great eagerness and pride will describe the bearings of the house that once was his, his birthplace and, perhaps, his family, forgetting himself in his pleasant recollections, until his eyes fall on some object which is foreign to his discourse, and recalls him to his present situation, which, with a bitterness you cannot but view pitifully, he asks you to compare with the one that he has represented. These memories of what he was incline him to the disparaging of his present circumstances and surroundings. He derides the country, the climate, the industries and everything, until, surfeited with this consoling exercise, and his sense of justice being elevated unawares, he unwittingly directs his denunciation on himself. Each succeeding place is to him inferior to the last, and each mile added to the distance from what was first his home but signifies another reproachful recollection's coming forth, and adding to the mass which shall finally draw him back to the associations of his youth. He may return no better than he left, but if he live, return he will.

The old seaman, too, whom one would not expect to meet so far inland, makes frequent pauses in his work, and, shifting the tobacco uneasily from cheek to cheek while leaning on his spade, gazes whimsically over the waters of some spacious lake and sniffs for brine in vain. A pick and a spade are at once his special detestations—which he knows—and his means of living—which he doesn't. He looks upon the pay-car as the greatest of civilizing influences, and its arrival as the brightest event a man could possibly imagine. If before that event he have a want, it becomes a mere desire, whose satisfying can be very well postponed; if after, a desire; it becomes a want to be satisfied at once, a peculiarity not so much inherent as it is acquired through the uncertainty of his existence. The pay-car is his regulator, his guiding star, investing him, on its arrival, with a deep and placid happiness, and on its departure with a great and hopeless misery, which the pecuniary benefit he has derived only serves to diminish as it diminishes itself.

Finally, one comes across the old railroad man, who, years ago, reached a high position on the ladder, when success released his self-restraint, and he gradually came down again, with very little left of what he had set out with. Better work would be given him but for his weakness. His love of liquor tells him that his climbing up again were worse than

useless, and liquor is all that he really cares for now. Friendless and unknown, he wanders farther and farther away from the scene of his last reverse. His next will be death, and his resting-place a pauper's grave, placed, perhaps, amidst the very sounds that were accounted music by him years before—the hissing and shrieking of the locomotive as it rushes by, and the chilly humming of the wind through the wires overhead.

H. C.

### A NOTE FROM EMERSON.

"We mark with light in the memory the few interviews we have had in the dreary years of routine and of sin, with souls that made our souls wiser—that spoke what we thought—that told us what we knew—that gave us leave to be what we inly were. . . . Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds."

—Emerson.

Probably there are few hours on which we can look back with more restful satisfaction—few to which we should have looked forward with keener anticipation, had it been possible to foresee them—than the hours when we have talked simply and sincerely, with those in whose hands we could trust our simple sincerity. In the midst of this tempest which we have managed to raise around us, this whirl, whether it be of fashion and frivolity, or of work and worry, it is seldom that we find a clear space to sit down and exchange thoughts with a friend. We exchange weather prophecies and platitudes by the score, but when do we enjoy a true, restful, ideal, yet most real, conversation?

Of course, there are times when it is a true instinct that bids us "cover up our thought." It would be unwelcome or inappropriate were it divested. But on many occasions, when we are brought into contact with one who could welcome our confidence and gladly give us his in return, we spend the precious moments of companionship in the most superficial commonplaces.

Alone, we wander far afield, treading, with slow step, the grassy reaches of contemplation, gathering the sweet flowers of happy thoughts, and anon struggling through the briars of mental difficulties; but, as soon as our friend appears we scurry ignominiously back to the hard, uncompromising foot-path of social conventionality, and pretend that we never wandered off it at all. Why this sudden hurry and this pretense? Why not let our friend wander with us? We should find the grass softer, the flowers sweeter, and the thorns more easily mastered.

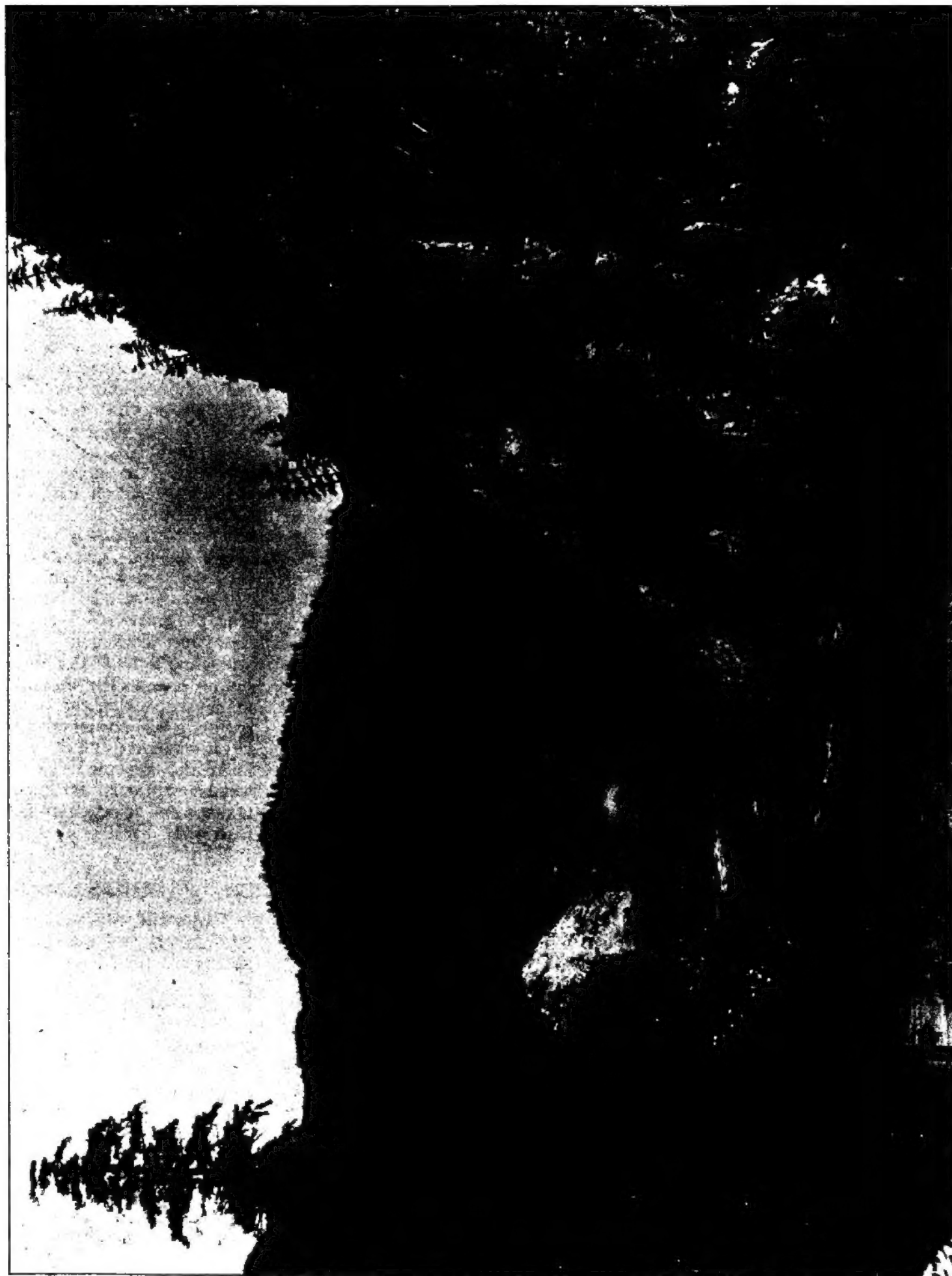
Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIN.

### A GREAT PERSONALITY.

Sir John A. Macdonald is thus portrayed in the April number of the *Cosmopolitan*: "When he shakes his head in a laughing passage-of-arms, his long hair sways to and fro upon his shoulders, like the mane of an old lion, in cheerful defiance. And he is an old lion—the 'Grand Old Man' of the Dominion, and one of perhaps half a dozen of the world's greatest personalities of to-day. The most striking feature of his face, into which a stranger could not take the merest glimpse without becoming immediately impressed with the fact that he was in the presence of a great man, are his eyes, which are as keen and as full of vitality and observation as those of a stripling of twenty. In his place in the House nothing escapes him, and he sits through the debates until the small hours with unflagging interest and an endurance really remarkable. He is tall and erect, and bears himself with something of military alertness. In his dress he is most scrupulous. He generally wears a black diagonal morning coat and vest, and a collar of the Gladstone shape. Sometimes, however, he appears in tail-less and jaunty Bohemian velvet coat; but there is one peculiarity of his dress which he seldom varies. He has a *penchant* for bright red London ties, and, except when in evening dress rarely wears any other hue. Several people have endeavored to discover the secret of Sir John's London tie-maker, but in vain; the genius remains an interesting incognito." This pen-picture occurs in the course of an article on "The Canadian Legislature." Sir John's portrait forms the frontispiece to the number.





FRASER CANYON, BELOW NORTH BEND.

From a photo. by Notman.



FRASER CANYON. BELOW NORTH BEND, SHEWING THE FOUR TUNNELS, ABOVE SPUZZUM.

From a photo. by Norman.



## A Country Wedding.

BY YESTER.

### II.

"She has hardly looked at Arthur since he came."

"Why should she? She'll have him all to herself at Lake Edward. You might say he has hardly looked at her."

"I couldn't tell such a story. Didn't you see the furtive glances he gave her while she was with Aunt? I didn't know he could look so benevolent. He was positively paternal, and he is only ten years older than she."

"Dear old fellow!" I said, impulsively.

"Who? Me?" asked Tom, who appeared just then at the window with the subject of our conversation.

No; Tim," I answered, deceitfully. "Where is he?"

"Locked up," said Arthur, as he vaulted into the room and began to play with the wild daisies we were to wear the next day. "What about flowers for Annie? You told me not to order them for any of you."

"No; we think these wild daisies so much nicer for a country wedding. And you wished to set aside conventionalities."

"Yes, by all means. I don't think anything could be prettier or more suitable than these; but I'll get Annie's myself."

"Very well," I said; "but you'll have to be bright and early."

"You know you are not to see Annie till you meet in church," said Belle. "It is a most unheard-of thing for the bridegroom to be on the premises."

"When are you going to let us go to bed?" gaped Tom.

Aunt came in just then. "Your uncle has gone to bed, and there is nothing to keep you two up. I have just arranged your sofa. Tell me if you have blankets enough," she said.

"Arthur and I are starving, Aunt Kitty. We'll go as soon as we've had some grub."

So we all repaired to the cool dairy, where we made merry on bread and maple sugar and cream till Tom pronounced himself satisfied.

We then separated for the night, feeling thankful that the day was really at an end at last.

### III.

Belle and I, who slept together in a little room room above the dining-room, were soon in a deep sleep, which, however, was not destined to remain undisturbed. We were both heavy sleepers, and I was surprised to find myself awake to hear the clock strike two, while Belle was tossing restlessly by my side. I seemed oppressed with the vague memory of a dream, in which earthquakes, thunder, weddings and turkeys were strangely mixed, and, as dreaming was a folly I seldom indulged in at night, I was at a loss to account for it. As I lay trying to untangle this nightmare, the bed under me shook, and I heard a terrible thud on the floor somewhere near, and dreadful sounds of choking, which seemed to come from under the bed. The dream was an awful reality, then, and I grasped Belle's arm in terror. She had just awakened.

"Oh! Janie, what can it be? Did you hear that awful sound?"

"Yes," I said, hoarsely, but our voices sounded so uncanny that for a moment or two we lay in silence, while the accounts I had read in the newspapers of horrible murders perpetrated not very far from uncle's home came to my mind, and I wondered if the "epidemic of murder," to quote the newspapers, had reached this peaceful part of the country.

"Can it be the dogs, Belle?" I ventured, tremulously.

"No, no!" was her answer, in an agonized whisper. "It was too awfully human."

The same thoughts had crossed her mind then. Again came the terrible gasping and struggling, and for a moment a light flashed through a chink somewhere in the room, but in my fright I had forgotten

which way the bed was turned, and could not place myself at all. I should have fainted if Belle had not caught my arm, as she sat up in bed, saying, firmly:

"Janie, we musn't be cowards. Perhaps somebody is being murdered while we be here."

Before I could answer she was out of bed and groping for the matches, and her courage was sufficiently contagious to enable me to crawl out too and feel for my slippers. In a moment she had the candle lighted and her dressing-gown on.

"You be ready when I come back. I'm going to wake Uncle," and she disappeared before I had discovered where the sleeves of my wrapper were.

The few minutes she was away seemed an eternity to me, and my ear caught fainter sounds of heavy breathing, and what seemed the rustle of a garment.

Belle returned. "Uncle is going to wake John," she said. "I had a dreadful time getting him to understand."

Master and serving-man soon joined us in the passage, the former armed with his revolver and the latter with a crowbar. Aunt followed, "to see that nothing happened to Harry," wrapped in an old shawl, and we three women followed the two men downstairs. A crash sounded as we reached the bottom stairs.

"They're in the dining-room! They're murdered, Tom and Arthur!" I almost screamed.

The candle which uncle carried was blown out by a gust of wind as we reached the dining-room door, and to our surprise we found a light in there.

Our feelings can better be imagined than described at the sight which met our eyes.

Arthur was on the floor—not dead nor insensible, but struggling to free himself from the grasp of Tom, who was holding him down while he tried to stuff the sheet into his mouth to prevent him calling out. The bedding was scattered about the room and the pillows were everywhere; the chairs were knocked over, and fragments of glass lay at the side of the table where the wedding breakfast was laid. Both the young men were in the light attire suitable to the hour, and it was evidently the wind-up of a pillow fight.

The reaction brought on by this strange sight almost gave me a fit of hysterics, and I sank into the only chair that stood upon its legs.

Tom started up when he found there were spectators, and Arthur slowly got to a sitting posture. At last, as no one else spoke, the latter aid, in a sheepish way, while he wrapped himself in the counterpane, "That fool wouldn't let me sleep."

Tom began to laugh and uncle turned in a fury, not on the real culprit, but, to our unspeakable dismay, on his most highly eligible future son-in-law, guest in his own house.

John was grinning from ear to ear in the doorway, and I laughed till I ached, though on the verge of despair at the serious turn things had taken.

"Fool yourself!" he shouted, "not to have more sense than to play schoolboy's pranks at your age. And a married man, too! You're not content with having my house turned inside out and upside down to suit your convenience, but you must wake me out of my first sleep for nothing by your tom-foolery. A nice sort of man to get my Annie!"

In this outburst poor uncle vented not only his disappointment in not having had to tackle a murderer, or at least a burglar, after being disturbed, but all the mixed and pent-up feelings of the last two weeks, occasioned by having had his house managed by two wilful nieces, while the wife of his bosom had other interests, together with the vague and undefined feeling of sadness caused by the near departure of his little daughter.

The bridegroom elect, naturally enough, perhaps, failed to enter into the feelings of his proposed relative, and his reply showed a decided want of sympathy with the aggrieved captain.

"I'm not a married man yet," he said, getting off the floor and gathering the counterpane round him in graceful folds, "and I shall not be one as soon as I expected. When I do marry Annie, and I'll do it yet, it will not be from this house, so you will be put to no further inconvenience." Then,

turning to aunt, he said, "Mrs. Denham, you'll explain it to her, won't you?—and take care of her"—his voice was a little husky here—"I'll write to her as soon as possible."

Uncle was silenced, and Tom and Belle both began to hold forth.

"What a dreadful man you are, uncle," cried the audacious Belle, "to speak to Arthur that way. Can't you see it was all that idiot Tom! Nothing in the world will ever make him act like a rational being."

"Why, uncle, it was nothing but a pillow fight, and I began it. Arthur was fast asleep, but a brute of an old mosquito got at me, and I didn't see why I should be awake all alone, so I woke him up and we had a little lark; but we were as quiet as possible, eh, Arthur?"

Arthur took no notice of Tom's eloquence, but said, with great politeness, to us: "If you will kindly withdraw I'll dress myself."

"Nonsense, you silly boy, you must try and get a little rest first, any way, and we'll leave you for that," said aunt, diplomatically, as she began to collect the bedclothes together. "You've no idea how dreadful the commotion sounded. It woke these girls, and we all thought you were being murdered; so you musn't be offended with my husband for being a little put out, because"—pointing to the revolver—"he meant to avenge your death."

"Why don't you scold the right person, uncle?" said Belle again.

"Scold Tom!" The captain looked at him as he capered round the room, helping aunt with the bedclothes, and then burst into a roar of laughter, in which we all joined, even Arthur, to whom uncle turned once more.

"So you won't marry Annie from this house, eh! young man, but you're bound to have her. It seems only fair that she should know something of what is taking place while she is sleeping innocently. I'll just run up and wake her and see what she thinks of it."

He turned with a twinkle in his eye, and stumbled against the grinning John, with the crowbar in his hand.

"Who told you to stand gazing there?" he roared. "Be off with you!"

John disappeared, and Arthur gasped: "Captain Denham! I beg of you say nothing to Annie."

"Well, then, shake hands with an old fool and get to bed. I'll be even with that young rascal after you get away to-morrow," and he shook the butt end of his revolver at Tom. "Now, girls, off with you to bed, and next time you wake me up I'll know the reason why."

As we took our departure, aunt said: "Now, Arthur, let me have the counterpane."

### IV.

There was a death-like stillness after that, and we soon dropped off to sleep and did not wake till about seven. We got up then and dressed hastily, for there was much to be done before ten o'clock, the hour for the wedding. We met Aunt Kate on the stairs and she undertook to wake the pair in the dining-room, while we went to see about breakfast, so that the girl might get her milking done.

Imagine our feelings when aunt joined us in the kitchen, with wild eyes and pale face.

"They're gone! The room is empty! Oh! poor Annie!"

I had nothing to say. These perpetual frights were stupefying me, but Belle's presence of mind never left her, though she looked uneasy.

"They can't have gone far, auntie dear. Let us see where Tim is."

We both ran to Tim's place of imprisonment, but it, too, was empty.

Belle looked positively frightened.

"Can he have been so base?" I whispered.

"No, you silly. They must have gone for a walk." But in spite of her brave words she seemed to dread facing Aunt.

However, that lady met us at the back door, looking radiant.

(To be continued.)



"G.M." communicates to us this puzzle, which recently came under his notice. As our readers will observe, it is of the "I understand you undertake" order, but they will agree with us that it is not bad of its kind:

Quid tuze ? Tu ra-ra-ra  
est biaz  
es et in ram-ram-ram it.

Under the head of "Island Echoes," a correspondent who is no stranger to our readers sends us some timely reflections:

"The echoes of our island just now may well be a mingled 'sound of joy and grief'—grief for the loss of the Cynthia and a deep silent joy at the heroism displayed by the captain, his gallant crew and the solitary rescuer of the solitary pilot. 'Never mind us. Go to the pilot. He can't swim.' One of those who said this could not swim himself. He an Englishman, the pilot a Frenchman—who would not say that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

'O England! while thy sailor host  
Can live and die like these,  
Be thy broad lands or won or lost  
'Thou art Mistress of the Seas.'

If, however, Britannia rules the waves our seasick ones but too often wish she would rule them straight.

"It is a pride and pleasure to have had the close personal friendship of Mr. John McVey, the barefooted hero of the shallop, for so many years; to have known he was a king among men and to have had the fact come out at last. Mr. McVey, though not a carpenter by trade, built many years ago what was for many a season the fastest sail-boat on the St. Lawrence. He built his summer residence, for he has two houses side by side—a summer and a winter palace, like the old kings of Asia Minor with his own hands. His name being Jack, it is verily "the house that Jack built." He is an excellent boxer, and, as a result of that manly exercise, is tender and true to the weak, without ever having any need to strike a bully, for where he is they sing low, like any sucking dove. It is the maggot parasites who do not fight themselves, but hound others on, like some crooks, we know, and the dudes who haunt the Madison square brutalities, that eat the very life out of manly and athletic sports. Such are those thieves (for every gambler is a thief accepting what he has not earned nor begged) who bet on lacrosse and baseball matches ('base' indeed) and yet never play themselves. They remind one of the kid-gloved gilded youth who used to run on the bank while we were pulling in the 'Torpid' races on the Isis, crying, 'Now put it on,' 'Now pull harder,' when we were pulling ever inch we knew.

"The laws of 'heredity' are marked indeed. While Mr. McVey was winning his victory on the water—he the only English-speaking man present—his French co-villagers were winning their victories of sympathy and wished they could aid on the land. The English have ever been victorious at sea, the French on land; witness Trafalgar and Austerlitz. That the French are not deficient in courage is well known and evidenced by their striking behaviour at the St. Johns fire and under other and gun fire generally. Some have a constitutional and phenomenal cowardice in the water, no more to be overcome than the horror others have of pigs, bag-pipes, and 'the harmless necessary cat.' A friend who swims daily when in town at the Turkish Bath, in ten feet of ice cold water, as the greatest joy he has in life, has never been able to overcome his constitutional 'funk' or pluck up resolution enough to 'take a header.'

"The plague of flies" which haunts Montreal with the arrival of summer, as it did Egypt with the departure of the Israelites, might be easily prevented. Buy some seeds of Ricinus (called Palma Christi, from its palmate 5-lobed leaves), or castor oil plant, from Evans, or any other responsible seedsman. Sow them in bigish pots. It forms a very handsome plant, as all who passed near 1373 Dorchester street last year know full well. No fly will come within yards of it. Well is its meaning, 'Detestation,' in the language of flowers. Mr. T. Burns tells me that when he was coffee growing in Natal he used to see hedges of it. Frail as a reed, no cattle, however freaky, will come near it. It used to be called Agnus Castus, or the 'purifying lamb,' not from the purging and purifying effects of its seeds. From Castus oil came Castor oil through a tendency to use the known word 'Castor,' a beaver in lieu of the new word 'Castus' (chaste)—very new probably to many who ought to have used it. It is strange it is not grown in every garden and its fresh, pleasant-tasted, gently purgative seeds used in lieu of the griping, half-poisonous (because stale) stuff sold by retail druggists. We know of a convent of Sisters of Charity who on one of their *cogit* picnics in their garden, finding the seeds ripe, pleasant to the eyes and good for food, partook universally of them, with the same universal effect a few hours after.

Elsewhere in this number we print a beautiful "Legend of the Child Jesus," by George Murray. "Written for a child," it has a lesson for readers of

every age—a lesson which it would be well for many if they took to heart.

And here is a truth for all seasons, for all sorts and conditions of men, in the form of a

#### BALLADE.

"For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."  
In witching days of early spring,  
When sunbeams smile through mist and dew,  
With skilful hand the sowers fling,  
Along the furrows damp and new,  
The grain that last year golden grew,  
Against the time when reapers go  
Across the fields, with sickle true,  
For we shall reap *ev'n* as we sow.

Our days that fly on noiseless wing,  
Days often lived so lightly through,  
Each will a well-turned furrow bring  
For our unskilful hands to strew,  
Ev'n as we will—heartsease or rue  
A future time will bid us know,  
As each day's harvest meets our view—  
For we shall reap *ev'n* as we sow.

Where tares are sown, no other thing  
Will grow, for all we say or do;  
If garnered nettles sharply sting,  
These hands have sown the nettles too.  
When ears of grain, so weak and few,  
We see with spirits sinking low,  
The truth comes home to me and you,  
For we shall reap *ev'n* as we sow.

#### ENVOY.

Heave! grant this boon! We humbly sue  
The grace to plant each daily row  
With thought of harvests daily due,  
For we shall reap *ev'n* as we sow.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

### AUSTRALIA.

#### PROGRESS, PEOPLE AND POLITICS.

#### VIII.

The loyalty of the inhabitants of the southern continent to their union with the empire is an important point in any consideration of their future. Great was the enthusiasm at the time of the Soudan war when colony after colony volunteered troops and equipment for the purpose of aiding the mother country in that far-off region. They cared nothing for the Soudan. They did admire General Gordon and looked upon him as one of the last of England's heroes, and the victim of political folly and ministerial mismanagement, but it was not this that made them so enthusiastic. It was simply a practical demonstration in favour of Imperial unity and an evidence of national identity. Victoria offered six or seven hundred men, armed and equipped; the Volunteer Corps of Queensland offered their services; New South Wales, whose offer was finally accepted, sent about one thousand men, and thousands more volunteered. A "Patriotic Fund" of \$200,000 was very quickly raised, and the contingent left the colony amid an excitement and enthusiasm unprecedented in Australian history, though once more repeated in the reception accorded to the soldiers upon their return home. The Right Hon. William Bede Dalley, who was largely instrumental in arranging satisfactorily the offer, and in effecting the details of what has been called this epoch-making event, said a few days after the departure of the contingent from Australian shores, covered with flowers, congratulations and good wishes, that: "We have awakened in the Australian colonies an enthusiasm of sacrifice, of heroism, of all the nobler qualities which are to the loftier national life what the immortal soul is to the perishable body of humanity. We have lifted up remote colonies to equal companionship with chivalrous nations. We have shown to the world that in a sense, and with a meaning of sacred patriotism, the watchword of disloyalty is the motto of our devotion; that England's difficulty is our opportunity; that we have watched and waited for the moment when we could aid, however humbly, that empire which, after all, is the depository and guardian of the noblest form of constitutional freedom that the world has ever seen. Enemies of England in the future will consider the rapidly increasing millions of her colonial subjects, their boundless

resources of all forms of national wealth, their capacity of swift and effective organization for the purposes of offence as well as of defence; and, above all, their triumphant resolve to stand by the great empire in her troubles, and to spend and be spent in her service. Our little noble band is but the advance guard of a glorious Imperial Federation."

The noble spirit which found expression in these words, and many more as deeply eloquent and true, the lofty intellect which created and carried out the great idea, the chivalrous statesman who for a time controlled the affairs of New South Wales, and who became the first Australian member of the British Privy Council, is now no more; but his words and policy are a monument resting in the hearts of his countrymen and in the annals of his colony which will prove one of the corner-stones of the grand edifice of Imperial unity for which he spoke so eloquently and laboured so earnestly.

The time is undoubtedly near at hand in Australia, as in Canada, when the people will desire to cast off colonialism and assume the privileges and duties of a nation. The only question for solution is as to whether this can be done within the empire or without. The former means the adoption of some form of the federal system; the latter means independence. The Australians recognize the evils and disastrous results of separation as fully as we do in Canada, but they are also awakening to the fact that two changes are essential in their constitutional system: first, internal union; second, external representation or control. For the first they are rapidly becoming prepared, and will doubtless adopt a system somewhat analogous to that of the Dominion. For the second public opinion is becoming moulded by the mismanagement and blunders of the Imperial Government under the late administration and by the very evident fact that the interests and safety of Australia's world-wide commerce is dependent upon the efficiency of Britain's naval power. With their millions of pounds worth of commerce upon the oceans and traversing the Suez canal; with their growing trade with India and their immense traffic with England; with the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the proposed lines of steamships, and increased cable communication, as well as the possibility of a future commercial interchange with Canada; they are indeed becoming aware of the importance of their union with the empire.

But changes are imperative, and it is the duty of statesmen to guide the feelings of their people in the right direction. Sir Henry Parkes, the veteran Premier of New South Wales, voiced the sentiments of the rising generation when he recently stated that the Imperial constitution must be recast to be permanent, and that "in uniting the outlying colonies to the mother country England must present an object for love and loyalty, and for the young passion for national authority in Australia, which would be more attractive than any elsewhere to be found within the wide circle of the family of nations."

The Hon. James Service, the leading statesman of Victoria, when writing, as premier, some five years ago, to the Agent-General in London, used the following words, instructing him at the same time to support the movement for Imperial Federation, which was then being inaugurated: "It may be difficult so say in what way so vast an empire can be federated, but any scheme that may be decided upon must give to the colonies more tangible influence and more legal and formal authority than they now possess. The notion, before now openly propounded by Goldwin Smith and others, of separating the colonies from the empire, has little sympathy from Australians, but we believe that the colonies may be tributaries of strength to the parent state, and they and it may be mutually recipients of numberless advantages."

But so great a subject as the future of Australia will require further consideration, though I hope we may look forward to:

"Canada, Africa, Zealand, Australia,  
India, Continents, Isles of the Sea,  
Adding your jewels to Britain's regalia,  
One with Old England, the home of the free."

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.





FALLS OF THE CHAUDIERE RIVER, NEAR QUEBEC.



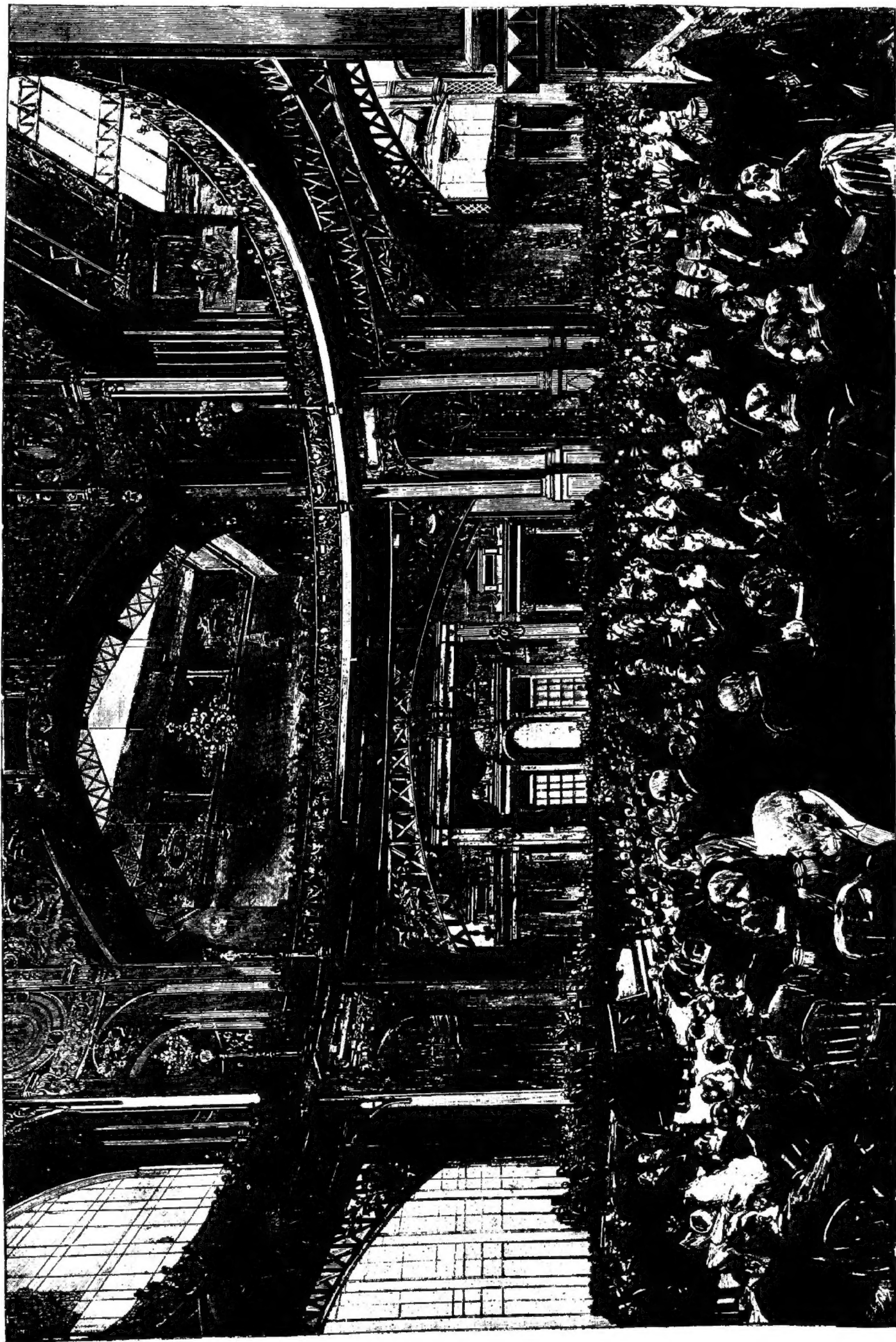
COTE BEAUPRE, TOWARDS LAKE BEAUPORT, FROM ESPLANADE, QUEBEC.



ST. DENIS WILLET AND POINTE AUX ORIGINAUX, BELOW QUEBEC.



THE CITADEL, QUEBEC, FROM STEAMBOAT LANDING.



OPENING OF THE GREAT PARIS EXHIBITION.—INAUGURATION CEREMONIES UNDER CENTRAL DOME.

*From L'Illustration.*





There are two ways (says Franklin) of being happy—we may either diminish our wants or augment our means. Either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easier.

Typhoid fever patients feel better after a salt water bath than a fresh one, and the salt baths reduce the temperature, pulse and respiration more, but the effect on the two last is not so great as to indicate any very powerful influence on the functional activity of heart and lungs.

Why is it that the home life of our clergy who are supposed to be examples to us is, as a rule, so uncomfortable? A case in mind in a country parish: Rather a clever young man married to a woman with absolutely no tact and extremely lazy. He is drifting into a nonentity for want of the help his wife ought to render him in his work and in his home.

Tell it not in Gath, but in a home not a hundred miles from Montreal, two boys, aged, respectively, five and seven, were playing solitaire, when a very worthy man of the neighbourhood paid an evening call. He was much horrified at their mother allowing them to play cards in her presence. Better to learn so than be taught, as they inevitably will, otherwise, later, and likely in objectionable company. Five-year-old has learned to observe, under the criticism of seven years, who rarely makes a mistake in the game.

Dirty houses, dirty clothing, dirty companions, lower a man both morally and physically; they lower him in his own estimation, as well as in the opinion of others. Personal cleanliness and a tidy house increase a man's self-respect; companions of a like mind are calculated to stimulate to a similar course of action. The old-fashioned tub-night is a most healthful and important national institution, and, along with the clean linen and better clothing worn on the Sunday, does much to maintain the self-respect of the people.

Of all causes of unhappiness in homes worry is the most potent and the most easily given way to. There is but one antidote—change of occupation. Above all, do not sit or lie down when inclined to worry, unless you have an interesting book to read. Walking is a great help; a good brisk walk in winter and a quiet stroll in summer, as a rule, banish all unpleasant thoughts. Reading fills the mind more than anything else, but one is very apt to take to it and do too much of it, thereby neglecting duties. A celebrated Canadian physician once said that the only really happy couple he ever saw were comparatively poor. Moved in good society on twelve hundred dollars a year. They were both cultivated, he a most fascinating man, much-sought after for his social qualities; she a quiet little woman with no special attraction except a perfectly healthy body and a good-temper, which, by the way, was cultivated. Their happiness lay in the fact that she trusted him implicitly. If he said he had to be away an evening, she never asked him where or why. She felt that it was not necessary. If she ought to know, he would tell her, and he felt always on honour with her because of that trust. She never argued with him, simply let facts show which was right and which wrong, and always unswervingly chose the right herself. She has her reward now in the knowledge that nothing can ever come between their love for each other.

**HOW TO KEEP CUT FLOWERS FRESH.**—Almost the first thought that follows admiration for a freshly-picked bouquet is how it can be preserved the greatest length of time. Many experiments have been undertaken to prevent flowers from fading—such as placing salt in the water, dipping the stems in hot water, or nipping them off and applying sealing-wax. We have tried all methods, and have come to the conclusion that changing the water in which the stems are plunged, frequently, and sprinkling the flowers hourly will keep them fresh and fair longer

than will other treatment. The water used should be tepid. The cooler the temperature of the apartment the better. Never leave flowers under a gas-jet or they will immediately blight. The last thing at night change the water on the stems and sprinkle the flowers thoroughly. Tie over the vase or basket tissue-paper which has been soaked in water. (Over this tuck newspaper. In the morning the flowers will be found as fair as the night previous. Roses fade quicker than most any flowers. Heliotrope will wilt and blacken with the tenderest care. It should be nipped from a bouquet as soon as it loses freshness. Lilies, tulips, narcissus, euphorbias, hyacinths and all flowers with succulent stems can be preserved several days. A "golden crown" was made of yellow tulips for the casket of a dead friend. It was borne in the vault and left on the coffin. One month afterwards on opening the vault the crown was found perfectly fresh, the cold and damp atmosphere of the tomb having preserved it. It is a very good plan to place tulips or lilies in wet moss, which keeps their stems damp and aids in preserving them. Baskets can be easily filled with moss which is first soaked in water. It must be tied in with fine cord and trimmed off neatly at the edges. Place the stems of the tulips with their foliage in the moss as thickly as they will stand. A basket of lily of the valley made in this way is charming, and will serve as a centrepiece for the table a fortnight. An old bandbox can be cut down and effectively filled with tulips, lilies or hyacinths, with perhaps two or three spikes of scarlet *Euphorbia japonica* in the middle. *Lycopodium* is pretty to tuft around and hide the edge of the box.

#### A CANADIAN GAME FISH.

In appearance a fresh-run salmon and a fresh-run winanishe do not differ much more than salmon from different rivers. The back of a winanishe is greener blue, and in a fish just out of water can be seen to be marked with olive spots, something like the vermiculations on a trout; the silvery sides are more iridescent, the X-marks are more numerous and less sharply defined; the patches of bronze, purple, and green on the gill-covers are larger and more brilliant, and with them are several large round black spots. As the water grows warm the bright hues get dull, and toward autumn the rusty red colour and hooked lower jaw of the spawning salmon develop. As the winanishe, unlike the salmon, feeds continuously, and in much heavier and swifter water than salmon lie in, it has a slimmer body and larger fins, so that a five pound winanishe can leap higher and oftener than a grilse and fight like a ten-pound salmon. The variety of its habits, which are a compound of those of the trout and those of the salmon, with some peculiarities of its own, gives great charm to winanishe-angling, and opportunity for every style from the "floating fly" on tiny hooks to the "sink and draw" of the salmon cast. It takes the fly readily when in the humour, though wary and capricious like all its relations, and fights hard, uniting the dash of the trout with the doggedness and ingenuity of the salmon.

In railway and hotel prospectuses, the winanishe weighs from five to fourteen pounds. In Lake St. John and the Décharge, the average is two and a half; four-pounders are large and not too plentiful, while six-pounders are scarce.—From "The Land of the Winanishe," by DR. LEROY M. YALE and J. G. AYLWYN CREIGHTON, in *Scribner's*.

One of the most important archaeological expeditions undertaken in Western Asia is that of M. and Mme. Dieulafoy, who were sent by the French department of public instruction and of public works to Media and Persia to explore the remains of the ancient cities of those regions. Their first expedition was undertaken in 1881 and 1882, and their work was completed in the years 1884, 1885 and 1886. The excavations, which were carried out with great difficulty on account of the fanaticism of the inhabitants, have yielded valuable results from an archaeological as well as from an historical standpoint. The palaces of Artaxerxes and of Darius have been excavated, and it is now possible to reconstruct the plans of these magnificent buildings. The objects collected during these explorations have been transported to Paris, and form one of the most interesting departments of the new galleries of the Louvre.

#### THE SALON OF 1889.

On the whole, the Salon of 1889, while containing no manifestation of transcendent genius, is rich in interesting works. There is no country but France where the year's artistic production can show so many remarkable and curious pictures. The tendency that triumphs is that of the past fifteen years, namely, the research of truth in the subject, and in the colour. Modern French art neglects beauty in the sense in which the masters of the past understood the word. There is no effort to compose in the sense in which Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Titian, Veronese, or Rembrandt conceived pictures. In a word, there is little selection, and often very little taste. Nature and reality reign supreme, often at the expense of poetry and refinement of vision. In the Salon we see excellent portraits, truthful landscapes, innumerable scenes of real life, more especially of the life of the humble, of the peasants, of the workers at trades. Above all we notice a marked preference for scenes of sadness and misery veiled in the mist of uncertain execution and elegiac obscurity, a leaning toward mysterious grayness. After all, when we think of the masters of the past, we must confess that with all their talent, all their skill in drawing, all their apparent *chic* of touch, there are very few living French painters who know how to paint or how to draw with supreme intelligence. Realism and democracy go hand in hand; the artists of modern France are, with the exception of a few delicate spirits, democrats, many of them sprung from the masses, and interested in the thoughts, the joys, and the sufferings of the masses; they express often with rude strength the scenes which touch them; they are forming for the historians of the future a vast museum of moral and physical documents, a material and psychological iconography of the end of this troubled nineteenth century, in which, perhaps, posterity will take very small interest. For that matter, we of to-day take very small interest in what posterity will think about ourselves, but this does not prevent many of us regretting the excessive attention paid to the portraiture of the meaner aspects of reality, and the neglect of that which is grand, refined, delicate, or exquisite.—*Theodore Child.*

#### TO AGNES THOMSON.

AFTER HEARING HER SING "ANGELS, EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR."

To-night, to-night, oh! I heard you sing!  
I heard you sing with your tender voice,  
A song, and it made my heart rejoice;  
And life was fragrant with sweetest flowers,  
And the amber flash of a sunbeam bright  
Scattered the saddening mists of night,  
And the world grew glad, and the world grew gay,  
And sorrow and sin seemed far away  
When I heard you sing.

I heard you sing, oh! I heard you sing,—  
The gnarled trees on the windy hill  
Burst into blossoms of wondrous white,  
The sky was blue, and the birds' delight  
Stirred in my soul, with the wild, sweet thrill  
That comes when buried emotions start  
To pulse and beat in the throbbing heart.

I heard you sing, oh! I heard you sing,  
And the listening heavens bent to hear  
The echoing music, soft and clear,  
Which fell on my tranced ear—  
A silver lay from your silvery tongue—  
And life was merry and life was young,  
And the gladness of heaven was near.

Yet sad and sweet was the plaintive strain  
Under your happy song and glad—  
A hint of pain and a trace of tears,  
The sorrow and pith of exultant years,  
An ecstasy blessed with idle fears,  
A happiness fraught with pain;  
And mine eyes were dimmed by a mist of tears,  
And my heart-strings throbbed again.

Oh! wondrous singer! or gay or sad,  
The heart of nature is in thy voice—  
The song of birds and the scent of flowers,  
The bliss of the sunlit, perfumed hours,  
Bidding the heart rejoice;  
Or the sad, sweet strains of a song divine  
Touching the hidden springs of tears,  
Stirring the thoughts of other years,  
The smothered sweet and the human thrill,  
Making my soul stand mute and still—  
Ah! the Glory of Power is Thine.

Toronto.

W. C. NICOLL.





To our readers we would heartily recommend a little treatise on "The Growth of Green Fodders," by Professor Thomas Shaw, of the Agricultural College, Guelph, recently issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture, as one of its regular bulletins. In a climate like ours, where permanent pastures on the European plan are impossible, Prof. Shaw urges that the growth of an abundant supply of green food for the stock of the farm, especially in connection with the use of the silo, would effect a material saving in many ways, would tend to increase the production of beef, mutton, milk, butter or cheese on a given acreage and would be a real boon to small farmers; that the extra labour involved is amply repaid, and that the notion of injury to the live stock has been shown to be unfounded. A descriptive list is added of the principal soiling crops best adapted to the conditions of Ontario.

"Mental Evolution in Man," by Prof. G. J. Romanes, is the third volume of a series which has engaged the author's attention for several years. The first of the series, "Animal Intelligence," was published in 1884, and was followed some time after by "Mental Evolution in Animals." Prof. Romanes now carries his studies into the domain of human psychology. The task which he undertakes is to seek for the principles and causes of mental evolution in man, first as regards the origin of human faculty, and next as regards the several main branches into which faculties distinctively human afterwards ramified and developed. Both as to trunk and branches, he has had, from the nature of the subject, to be general in his views and comparatively brief. The labour involved in the investigation, even thus limited, was so great that he deemed it advisable not to delay publication till the whole survey was completed, but to present the results attained in successive instalments. He deals now with the Origin of Human Faculty; in succeeding works he will take up the Intellect, Emotions, Volition, Morals and Religion. In solving the problem suggested by his subsidiary title—Origin of Human Faculty—on the basis implied in his general title, Prof. Romanes has had to cope with some able opponents, both among naturalists and philologists. Of these antagonists Prof. St. George Mivart and Prof. Max Müller are the most formidable, though Wallace, Quatrefages and other men of science have also given him some trouble. The chapters that deal with language are the most interesting, as well as important, in the book. Max Müller's contention that without words (spoken or unspoken) there can be no concepts Prof. Romanes has laboured hard to refute, but those who hold that theory are not likely to be convinced by any argument. Archdeacon Farrar made the case against Prof. Müller almost as strong as it could be made more than twenty years ago. If, however, Prof. Müller and those who agree with him are convinced of the impregnability of their position, Prof. Romanes is no less sure of his. He regards the change from sense to thought in human development as no longer an open question, but as established beyond doubt by testimony preserved in the archives of language. In the ensuing volume he will deal with the mental condition of savages. The three volumes of the series so far published are from the press of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York.

The same publishers have just issued "The Primitive Family in its Origin and Development," by Prof. C. W. Starcke, Ph.D., of the University of Copenhagen—the latest volume of the International Scientific Series. It treats of a subject of deep importance which has been discussed more or less fully in recent years by several able writers, such as McLennan, Maine, Morgan, Lubbock, Ploss, Lippert and others. The work is largely and necessarily critical. The author reaches the conclusion that the primitive family has functions distinct from those of the clan, being not a group obeying a leader, but a number of individuals under a common head. The primitive clan and tribe were both associations for mutual protection—the former differing from the latter as the part from the whole. In the course of time both clan and tribe were absorbed in the state organism, while the family became fairer and more attractive as the motives for the clannish and tribal relations passed away. An appendix, with notes and tables, a bibliography and an index add to the value of the book.

### TO A SWALLOW.

Sweet little swallow, with snow-white breast,  
Flitting afar o'er the blue wave's crest,  
Down by the shadowy, shining sea,  
Here am I waiting, wee bird, for thee.

Out where the grey rocks drip with spray,  
Here have I lingered the live-long day—  
Shadows are drifting, the wave is chill,  
Murmurous sounds through my lone heart thrill.

Swept by the silvery light of moon,  
Whisper of stars, and the waves' low croon,  
Sweet be the message thou bringest me  
Over the shadowy, shining sea.

Pictou.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

### WILD FLOWERS.

Elysian days, when fragrant blossoms blow  
Where'er the birds and zephyrs seed did sow,  
And lift their petal-censers to the breeze,  
With incense laden, to perfume the leas!  
Ye deft embroiderers, in comely hues,  
Of Nature's vernal mantle, tell me whose  
Inimitably, wondrous art you ply  
To conjure from the mellow sward the shy,  
Sweet violet—the myriad-hued display  
Of woodland flowers, each in its own day?  
Their advent bids reluctant foliage shoot,  
And chides to shame the sloth of ripening fruit;  
When fades the last, the clouds weep long and spread  
A shroud of frozen tears upon their bed.  
Toronto.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

### A LEGEND OF THE CHILD JESUS.

(WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.)

You ask a story, dearest. Here is one  
Heard oft amid the pleasant homes of France.

It was the time when Jesus was a child,  
And, with the Baptist and his cherished lamb,  
He wandered forth, among the hills and dales,  
In the calm hours that closed a summer eve.  
And they were glad: the lambkin frisked and played,  
Or cropped green herbage with its milk-white teeth,  
While the two cousins gathered wilding flowers,  
Dipped their bare feet in limpid streams, or culled  
Ripe crimson berries from full-laden boughs.  
As thus they rambled peacefully, it chanced  
Two rustic children met them. These were wroth,  
Each with the other, and the stronger held  
Bound by the feet a white and innocent dove,  
That strove to soar, and ever as she strove  
Was balked and baffled by a spiteful cord.

Out spake the weaker lad: "The bird is mine.  
Why hast thou robbed me? It was I that snared  
The silly pigeon, and thou hast no right  
To filch my plaything. Give me back my own."  
Thereat, his comrade stormed a wilful "No!  
Thou shalt not have it; I will keep the bird."  
Then the meek Jesus sorrowfully spake:  
"Lo! with red blood her slender legs are stained,  
Her eyes are dim and she is sick to death:  
How wilt thou find thy pleasure in her pain?  
I cannot think thou hast a cruel heart,  
For thou, like me, art still of tender years;  
Too thoughtless, may be. Wherefore loose, I pray,  
This chafing cord, and let the captive fly  
Home to her callow nestlings that await  
Her coming and are all agape for food."  
Then the boy's heart was softened, and he said:  
"Weil hast thou spoken, and thy pitying tones  
Have moved my pity more than I can tell.  
Thy pleading shames me;—I will loose the dove.  
Would I were like thee; but whate'er I am,  
Thou must not think that I am void of ruth."  
So saying he unloosed the cord that bound  
The victim's feet, and "Pretty sufferer, fly,"  
He cried; "fly homeward to thou downy nest  
In the green woods and feed thy gaping chicks."

But, when the other saw the harmless bird  
Freed from her bonds, he stooped and snatched a stone  
Up from the roadside, and, with deadly aim  
And fury, hurled it at the joyous dove,  
Which dropped to earth, as lifeless as the stone—  
Her slim throat mangled by the ragged flint.  
Then, with keen taunts, he flung her at the feet  
Of Jesus, hissing: "Meddler! take thy prize,  
And grant the darling leave to soar again!"  
But the meek Jesus sadly from the ground  
Raised the dead bird and said: "Alas! poor boy,  
Thou dost not know the evil thou hast wrought  
By thy brief passion. God himself alone  
Can to a lifeless creature life recall."  
Then, kneeling down, he humbly joined his hands  
In prayer, and, looking up to heaven with eyes  
That swam in tears, sighed, "O! that I were God!"  
And once again, "Ah! would that I were God!"  
Scarce had his prayer upfloated, when the dove,  
Kissed by his hallowed lips, unclosed her eyes,  
Oped her light wings, and clove the liquid air.  
Awestruck, the children watched; then, he whose hand  
Had freed the captive whispered: "Art thou God?"  
And Jesus answered him: "I cannot tell."

Then suddenly a rush of nimble wings  
Whirled, and, descending in a golden beam,  
The dove returned, and settled on the brow  
Of the meek Jesus. While it lingered there,  
The spell-bound children heard a solemn voice,  
That fell like music on their ears, and cried:  
"I am the God of Heaven, and He who woke  
Life from death's sleep is my beloved Son."  
Then, first, the Baptist by these tokens knew  
That the meek Jesus was the Son of God;  
And, gazing on the twice-born dove, he saw  
A brown half-circle on her snowy neck,  
Marked newly there, in memory of the wound  
Healed by the kisses of the Holy Child.

Montreal.

GEORGE MURRAY.

### OUR SOLDIERS.

Mr. George Carslake intends giving \$500 to purchase a trophy in commemoration of the opening of the new Cote St. Luc rifle ranges.

There is talk, as is only natural, of a return visit of a French-Canadian and English-speaking battalion to Toronto, probably on Dominion Day. These visits are excellent peace-makers.

Lieut. Mackay, R.E., a Kingston College graduate now serving on the west coast of Africa, and who for some time has had the local rank of Captain, has been appointed to the "Distinguished Service Order."

The Sixty-fifth gave a reception and ball at their armoury on Tuesday. Col. Ouimet, on resigning the command, was presented with a pair of handsome bronze statues, supplied by Messrs. Sharpley, representing "The attack and the defence."

The annual church parade of the Royal Scots took place last Sunday afternoon. They mustered in the Drill Shed at half past two and marched to St. Andrew's Church, where the sermon was preached by Rev. J. Edgar Hill, chaplain of the regiment. Their inspection will be held on June 8.

Lieut.-Col. Villiers, D.A.G., accompanied by Major Buchan, inspected the armoury of Portage Co., 95th, under the care of Captain Shepherd. They also opened the Portage Rifle Association range, making a few bull's-eyes, by the way of trying their hand; then proceeded west to Minnedosa on a like mission. *Rat Portage Hustler.*

The Minister of Militia has promised to have the new rifle ranges of Cote St. Luc ready by July 5. The Vics hold their annual meeting on July 27. They have also arranged for half a dozen matches with Snider rifles, the first of which took place last Saturday. The competition will be divided into three classes, and one prize will be given in each class.

The Governor-General's Foot Guards are to be congratulated on the showing they made last week. Now that their Queen's Birthday trip is fairly over, the consensus of opinion is that the battalion all round did excellently. As Ottawa grows, there is little reason why the Guards should not be in every respect the equal or superior of any corps in the country.—*Free Press.*

A Canadian was granted a private audience by Queen Victoria a few days ago. The Canadian thus accorded an especial honour was Miss Hermine de Salaberry, a granddaughter of the Hero of Chateauguay, who fought for the British cause so successfully in 1813. Miss de Salaberry was presented to the Queen by the Princess Louise. The Chateauguay conqueror was a friend of the Duke of Kent, the Queen's father.

We have received from Mr. L. Homfray Irving, says the *Canadian Militia Gazette*, the gentleman who so often entertained our readers with his "Linchpin" letters, an explicit declaration that he was not the writer of the *Broad Arrow* letter which Sir Adolphe Caron ascribed to him in his speech in Parliament on Mr. Mulock's want of confidence motion. Mr. Irving says he has neither written nor inspired any letter whatever for any other than a Canadian paper. Such a disavowal is what the *Militia Gazette* expected would be forthcoming from Mr. Irving, to whom no one who knew him would have been apt to ascribe the letter in question.

We notice with pleasure, says the *Halifax Critic*, the promotion to the command of the 66th, P. L. F., of Major (now Lieut.-Col.) W. M. Humphrey, and of Capt. Menger, the late excellent Adjutant, to the junior majority. We are also glad to see Captain Humphrey back in his old corps, and it speaks well for his military spirit that he is not above re-entering in a rank subordinate to that which he previously held. We fancy there are no more popular officers in the force than the Colonel and his brother. A good deal of "new blood" is gazetted at the same time, as well as the retirement of some gentlemen whose names we should have been glad to see remain on the list. It is further satisfactory to note the steady increase of officers who have passed the Infantry School.

The regulations to govern the annual drill for 1889 have been issued. There is but little change from the ordinary routine. Relating to the target practice, a commendable but trifling change is made in the prescription that a man must hit the target at each range before being allowed to fire from a longer distance. Though the usual paragraphs about the importance of rifle shooting appear, the ammunition allowance remains at the absurdly low issue of twenty rounds per man. Again, only one blanket per man is to be served out. For years mild protests have been made against the insufficiency of the night covering allowed the militia, but no change for the better results. In the meantime lives are endangered to save a few dollars in the blanket bill, and what is saved in blankets is lost in the destruction of uniforms by wearing them in sleeping as well as waking hours.

London dressmakers say they never had so many white gowns on as at present.

The frequency of the pulse-beat is increased by drinking hot water or tea, diminished by drinking these cold. Adding a warm covering to the clothing of the body increases the pulse by about ten beats a minute. Mental activity diminishes it more or less.



## HUMOUROUS.

A Woman's Sphere: A mouse, or a loose cow in her path.

Waiter (sceptically): "Lost your pocket-book, madam?" Madam: "Much worse, I can't find my pocket."

A man may theoretically hold loose views on the temperance question; but he must be careful not to be tight in his habits.

Almsgiver: "Are you one of the men who are agitating the labor question?" Tramp: "No, yer honour. Oi'm one of the men what the labour trouble is agitatin'."

Teacher: "Now, if you stand facing the West will the North be to your right or left hand?" New Scholar: "I'm sure I don't know, ma'am; I'm a stranger in these parts."

A bill was lately introduced into the Nebraska legislature, forbidding the "firing of any pistol, revolver, shot-gun, rifle, or any firearms whatever on any public road or highway, or within sixty yards of such public road or highway, except to destroy some wild, ferocious, and dangerous beast or an officer in the discharge of his duty."

A superintendent of a New York school was seeking to develop the idea of biped and quadruped among the scholars, for which purpose he had two pictures, one representing a horse, the other a rooster. Holding them aloft, in full view of the scholars, he said in encouraging tones, "Now, which one am I?" "The rooster, sir," was the unanimous reply.

The author of "The Five Talents of Woman" quotes several amusing anecdotes of tale-bearers. One tells of a Scotch minister, who rebuked one of his flock for her gossiping habit. It was in the days when a gentleman carried a "repeater" a watch which struck the hours, and reported the strokes on pressing a spring. "Janet," said the clergyman, "I have warned ye often. Ye are ower muckle given to scandal. Ye maun keep your mouth, as it were, wi' bit and bridle, as the Scripture saith." "Aweel, minister," replied Janet, "sae I hae always keepit a watch upon my tongue." "Hoot, Janet! It maun hae been a repeater, then."



HIGHLY PROBABLE.

YOUNG CANADA: Say Liza, I can't find my t'owers; (suddenly struck with an idea) oh! I know, pappy must 'a tak'n 'em for his!"



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